

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Alongwaytogo"

*[Phife from "Check the Rhime"]* Now here's a funky introduction  
*[scratching]*

*[Chorus 1 x2: Guru]*

It's ALONGWAYTOGO, when you don't know where you're going  
You don't know where you're going when you're lost (lost)

*[Guru:]*

What you need is more direction and get yourself some protection  
I thought by now that you have learned your lesson  
I'm stressin points and slammin all joints you call the real shit  
Correct shit, you know the busta way you feel shit  
Baby, I still don't think you understand  
You lose the game, we get more props than Dan...Rather  
And it don't matter cuz when you flinch, you're weak  
So I'mma step just to speak about the counterfeit, unlegit type of people  
Those cellophane ones, the ones that you can see through  
It's poetic justice cuz I'm mad with a pact  
So precise, my insight will take flight in the night  
And in the daytime, cuz I don't come up with corny rhymes  
I'm too devoted to the concept of gettin mine  
So here's the deal like Shaquille O'Neal  
If you don't know what you're doing, how the hell can you be real?

*[Chorus 2 x2:]*

*[scratching]*

*[Q-Tip from "Check the Rhime"]* How far must you go to gain respect? Um...

*[Guru:]*

Now in '93, realistically you should be...well aware of all the evils out there  
It's like a jungle sometimes. You get the message?  
You got to rumble sometimes, it's gettin hectic  
Emotions run deep, as times run out  
Solutions...it's time to find some out  
So according to me, suckers are barred  
From obstructing my discussion cuz I rhyme too hard  
You take a wiff like a spliff here, like some fresh air  
I came to claim shit this year (this year)  
So take a stroll down the walkway, or hallway, or runway  
Fuck with us, kid, you'll pay  
I slay...and yo, I'm still on the expressway  
I kick my essay, then you know we don't play  
So pray down on your knees, G  
Cuz it's the best way, yes, the best way, cuz...

*[Chorus 1 x2:]*

*[Chorus 2 x2:]*

*[Guru:]*

There's a large amount of wack crews. For them, I got bad news

Time to pay your dues, you fools

I'm like express mail, with the script that hits

Like the third rail, when I shock the spot, it's hot

From the rays of the sun

Original one the prophet sent to become

A law giver, cuz you shiver when I quiz ya

All about the real neccessities of life

All about the game and all about the name

G to the A to the N to the G Starr

We know who we are, but do you know who you are?

(*[Richard Pryor:]* You go down there looking for justice, that's what you find, just us)

*[chorus 1: x4]*

*[chorus 2: x4]*

*[scratching]* Um... *[until end]*